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# Bucks County **PANORAMA**



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# Bucks County **PANORAMA**

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## IN THIS ISSUE

It is a very real pleasure to welcome to our pages this month one of Bucks County's best-loved writers, Grace Chandler. Her nostalgic story of a summer night is perfect reading for those who wish to forget January's cold for a moment.

Located strategically in the midst of the greatest growth area of all time, Bucks County has an opportunity unparalleled in that growth. Thus far Bucks County has largely been by-passed while unplanned urban sprawl and blight has affected surrounding cities. Less heralded, planned development is helping to assure that our 620-acre county will preserve its unique cultural, historic, and geographic assets while playing a new role of leadership in economic growth.

Bucks County has something for everyone. Blessed with a wide variety of natural resources and beauty, it offers something more to industry and new residents than essential and desirable physical facilities. It offers the spirit of its people — self-reliant, conscious of their heritage, eager to work and serve.

*A Good Place to Live and Work* is the first article of a series on Bucks County industry which *Panorama Magazine* is presenting in an effort to tell the story of our county as it is and as it will be.

Throughout the past year the series of articles on *Collectors of Bucks County* by Joanna Pogson has caused a great deal of comment. We are proud to present the fourth in that series in this issue.

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## ABOUT THE COVER

Taken by Richard Kaplinski, shortly after the never-to-be-forgotten snowfall on Christmas Eve, 1966, this photograph is a beautiful example of Bucks County at its winter-best.



# THE MOON WAS RIGHT

by *Grace Chandler*

The year was 1911. The temperature was 93 degrees on a day in late July. Six adolescents — the term teen-agers had yet to be invented — knelt in the dusty shade of the toolshed studying a worn piece of paper on which was a crude drawing and at least a dozen cryptic notations. We had been arguing all afternoon over what they meant, and had reached a grudging agreement on no more than half of them.

"It's my map, so I'm captain of the crew. Everybody understand that?" Jim Heath's voice cracked on what he intended to be the fiercest note. Bob Barnes, who was bigger and could get away with it, laughed.

"It's your Grandpa's map — you stole it out of the secret drawer in his desk. You'll get what-for when he finds . . ."

"I did not steal it," said Jim hotly. "I just borrowed it. A lot he'll care when we come back with the pirate's gold."

"If we find it, you mean," said Bob. "All we're doing is talk. And that's all you'll ever do."

As the only girl in the group, tolerated — and just barely — because I was the best pitcher on the pasture-lot baseball team and could out-run every one of them, I tried to pour feminine oil upon the troubled waters.

"The almanac says the moon will be right — as the map says it must be — so we'll have to climb Bowman's Hill tonight, or wait . . ."

"Oh, you!" said Bob. "Always reading something. Think that makes you co-captain, I suppose." He gave me a shove that sent me sprawling in the dust.

I scrambled to my feet and tilted my head back to glare at him. "Now look, you big ox . . ."

Bob raised his fists and I did the same, giving only a fleeting thought to the Queensbury Rules. He was six feet-two and I'd have to stretch to avoid hitting him below the belt.

Willie-the-Gabber, who was called that because he wasn't, pushed us apart. With considerable effort, he managed to get out a few words. "K-k-keep y-y-your s-s-shirts on!"

The Tweedle twins, who of course were called Dee and Dum by everyone except their widowed mother and stuffy teachers, stood up and whacked the dirt from the knees of their overalls. "We gotta go," said Dum. "It's milking time. Are we digging for that gold tonight, or ain't we?"

"We're digging," said Jim, his tone indicating he had put on his captain's hat, although all we could see was that he needed a haircut, as usual. "We'll meet down by Kaiser Bill's shack at midnight. Everybody bring a shovel and a lantern — and a potato sack."

Bob snorted. "A potato sack! What for?"

"To wrap around our feet so the ghosts up there won't hear us coming."

said Dee. "Right, Jim?"

"Naw. Old Bowman didn't kill anybody as I ever heard. That was Captain Kidd's trick. Sailed his ship up the Delaware near to Bristol once, they say, when he was being chased. There was a price on his head, and he knew it. Buried I don't know how many chests of gold on an island in the river, then killed his own men who had dug the hole and buried them, too. So their spirits would guard the place until he came back. He never did, but the ghosts are still on duty."

With a wink at the rest of us, he added: "Old Bowman being a surgeon, he probably ended up with a good many dead patients, at that."

This was aimed at Bob, whose father was a doctor, and so another fist-fight had to be stopped before any blows were struck.

"Y-Y-You're s-s-sure t-t-there's n-n-no g-g-ghosts on B-B-Bowman's Hill?"

"Can't guarantee it, Willie," Jim said scornfully, his captain's hat already a tight fit. "Bring your rabbit gun, if you want to. You'll blow a hole right through 'em, but ghosts don't mind."

"The potato sack is for the gold, naturally," I said. "But why do we have to meet at Kaiser Bill's? You know Saturday night is his night to let loose. If he catches us hanging around there . . ."

Jim grinned. "I name you lookout at his shack. One thing girls are good for is screaming."

"Everybody swear to be there at midnight and shake hands on it," Jim ordered. We did so self-consciously, and I wasn't the only one who sounded nervous.

Getting out of the house after everyone was asleep was no problem for me. I went to bed wearing all my clothes except shoes, and with those tied around my neck I lowered myself by means of a sheet tied to a heavy desk to the kitchen roof. In the best movie tradition of that day, I left a dummy in my bed, made from a rolled-up blanket with a red tam for a head. My hair was black, then, but that was a trifling detail.

Once on the roof, all I had to do

was throw myself into space about three feet and grab a limb of the sour cherry tree which grew near the back door. The very thought of making that jump today would give me heart failure, but to a soon-to-be high school freshman, it was a cinch.

Safely on the ground, I put on my shoes, gathered up the shovel, lantern and potato sack from where I had hidden them, and started down the road. The moon was high and would soon begin its downward journey, so I hurried as much as I could. The long-handled shovel tripped me when I tried to run.

My pace slowed as I neared the shack. I didn't like to go past it even in broad daylight. It had been empty and falling down for years and was said to be haunted, when Kaiser Bill came from no one knew where and moved in.

A tall, burly man with a mustache waxed to stand upright at each end, he claimed to have been a member of the Kaiser's Elite Guard in his youth, but had been accused of some dastardly deed, unfairly, of course, and had had to leave Germany in a great hurry. He had been everywhere and done everything since, to hear him tell it when he was sober. When he wasn't, he went into towering rages over nothing and dogs and kids kept out of his way. A quarter of a mile out was the safest.

To my great relief, the shack was dark and silent. Very likely, I thought, Kaiser Bill was still trying to find his way home from the tavern.

The boys sneaked up on me one by one, and the only reason I didn't let out a yelp each time was that my heart jumped into my mouth and blocked it. Jim was the last to arrive — and just in time to quiet our suspicions about the color of his liver. He hissed a greeting, then with a lordly wave of his hand, he led us up the wood-haulers' trail to the top of Bowman's Hill.

We ran into trouble immediately, trying to locate the right oak tree. There were oaks in all directions. Jim said it must be this one, and Bob said it must be that one, just to be contrary. I had my doubts about both

of them. They didn't look old enough. After all, it was back in 1696 or thereabouts that Dr. John Bowman had fled from the pirate ship to the Bucks County hills with his golden booty after a quarrel with Captain Kidd, according to his kin who still lived in the neighborhood.

I did a little figuring. Two hundred and fifteen years ago! There wasn't a tree up there that looked that old, but how would we know short of cutting one down and counting the rings? Well, no one had thought to bring an ax, so we couldn't do that.

It was the ugliest tree of all that was picked as the right one. It was huge and grotesquely twisted, and had a leering, rakish look the boys thought would appeal to a pirate.

"If that's an oak tree," I said, my name is George Washington!"

Bob yelled that it was so an oak tree, and Dee and Dum, who always took the same side on everything, yelled it was so, too. I yelled that it was not, and we might well be up there yet if Jim hadn't out-yelled all of us.

"Everybody stop jawing! We're wasting too much time. Look at that moon!"

The moon was playing peek-a-boo with the clouds scudding across the sky, and for the first time we realized that it was cooler than it had been for a week and that the wind was rising rapidly.

We agreed to skip the directions on the map we couldn't figure out. The moon was right. The tree had been located to the satisfaction of the majority. Jim, as captain, took on from there. So many paces straight ahead with the moon's lower corner just visible over his left shoulder. Next, a quarter turn right. Then, forward to the point where his shadow was swallowed up by the shadow of the tree's trunk. No one knew for sure what to do next.

"O-O-Old B-B-Bowman m-m-must h-h-have b-b-been c-c-crazy!"

"WHOOOOOO?" came a heart-stopping cry from behind us.

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# Bucks County . . .

## A Good Place to Live and Work

### *Part One: The Industrial Development Corporation*

More than 100 new industries, thousands of new employees, and many millions of dollars in annual payrolls — that is the record of the Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation, since its founding in 1958.

This impressive record has been compiled as a result of the planning and foresight of a cross-section of the residents of Bucks County — the County Commissioners, bankers, merchants, industrialists, educators, labor and interested, public-spirited citizens.

The Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation was founded in 1958, as a non-profit, private organization, dedicated to the following propositions:

1. To secure new industry, business and commerce for the various communities of the Bucks County area.
2. To promote the growth and expansion of established and new industries and businesses in the County by developing new industrial sites, new industrial buildings and distribution facilities, and securing new tenants for existing plants, to create more jobs and larger payrolls and to broaden and diversify the County's tax base.
3. To cooperate with the various municipalities of the County by assisting, encouraging and promoting proposed or projected industrial and commercial developments and projects to increase the flow of wages and income into trade and commerce channels; and to provide comprehensive land uses.
4. To create and foster a good business climate within the County.
5. To assemble and disseminate commercial and economic information concerning the advantages, resources and facilities of the County for the purposes of industrial and commercial expansion.
6. To promote and advertise the virtues, character-

istics, and natural advantages of Bucks County throughout the nation.

The Corporation has been a huge success and during the years of its existence has broadened its efforts to make Bucks County more attractive to industry, through practical assistance and cooperation. Spearheading the Development Corporation is Bill Abbott, a dynamic, perspective man who has tremendous confidence in Bucks and is able to convey his enthusiasm to prospective industries.

"As far as I'm concerned, what Bucks County has is what industry wants. All we have to do is get our story across," Abbott said. "Industry is concerned with more than sites, sewerage and utilities. It wants a good place for its employees and executives to live. This means good housing, education, recreation, in addition to basic industry requirements," Abbott continued.

"Bucks County has it all, plus a spirit of cooperation which pervades the entire area, from the County Commissioners right on down," Abbott said. "We've had cooperation from our educational system, particularly the vocational schools, which has been a real boon to the skilled labor market."

Abbott explained that the Lower Bucks Technical School is considered a model school throughout the nation, and such a reputation is impressive to industry. He then noted the good work being done by the Corporation in the field of on-the-job training under the Federal Manpower Act.

"I'm not sure it's generally known, but our Development Corporation is the only such organization designated as a prime contractor for the on-the-job training programs under the U. S. Department of Labor. We have been able, during the past year, to institute 65 different programs for 12 industries, which involve more than 225

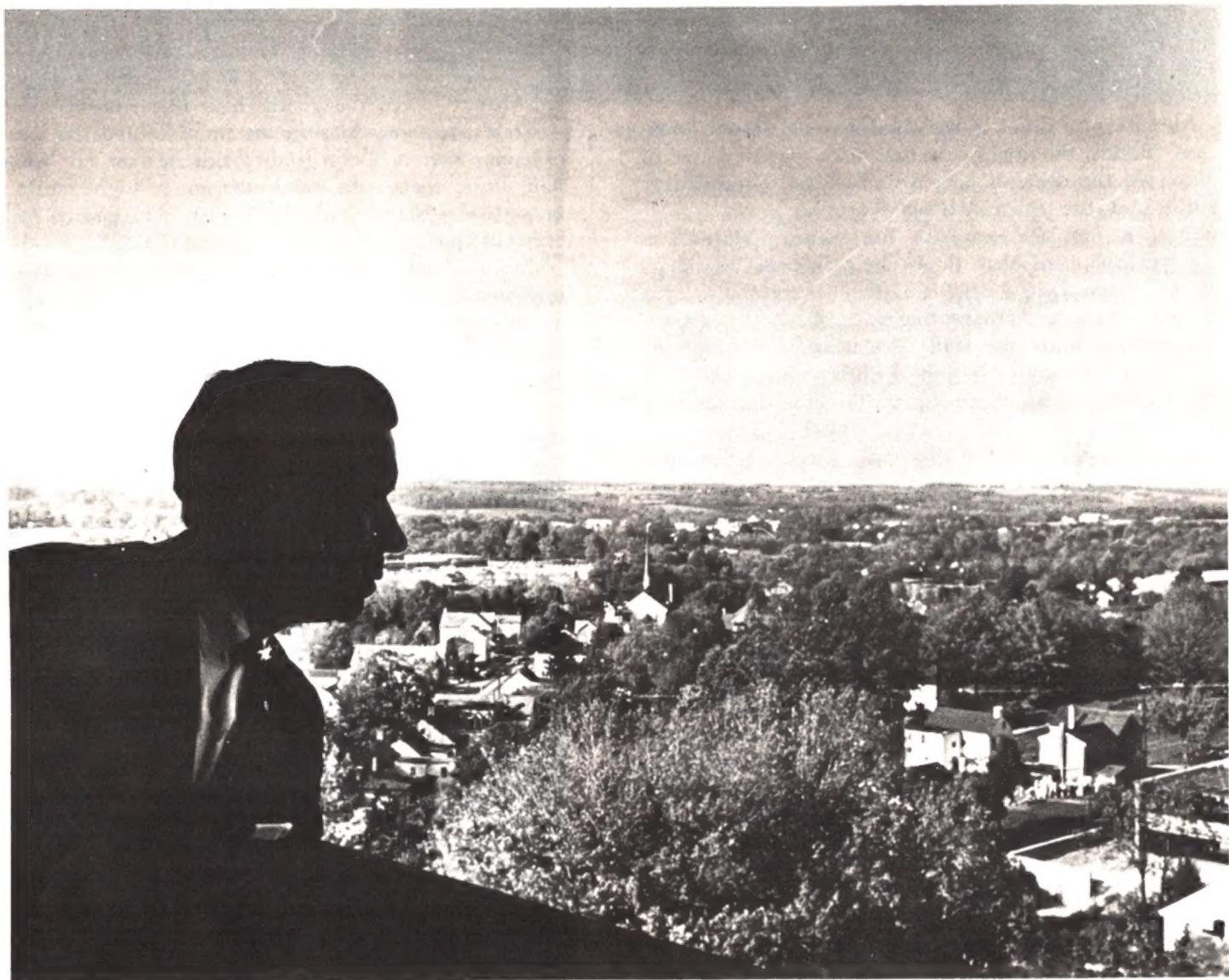
people," Abbott said. "Naturally this has been good for the industries here and is impressive to those considering a move-in."

Continuing on to another aspect of the Corporation's activities, Abbott pointed out that advertising and promotion were an integral part of the efforts made to seek industry throughout the United States. In addition to trade magazines, advertising copy has been placed in the *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Greater Philadelphia Magazine*, and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "In fact, we are just embarking on our biggest project — a color supplement in the *Sunday New York Times*, this coming spring. We believe we can tell the remarkable story of Bucks County with total impact through this medium," Abbott stated.

As one of the original sponsors of the Bucks County International Trade Club, Abbott feels we can get our message abroad, while at the same time, giving export market data to interested firms in Bucks County. By exhausting every avenue of business, Bucks County firms will have the "entire" market available to them.

"There are so many aspects to our work, that they would require a book to tell them all. Suffice it to say that with our natural endowments of history, tradition and art, added to our strategic location, Bucks County is very desirable. And we're successfully telling our story to those that count. I have every confidence in the people of Bucks County. They hold to the past, move in the present and prepare for the future," Abbott concluded.

*William P. Abbott, Executive Director of the Bucks County Industrial Development Corporation, gazes at the rolling countryside from the County Administration Building in Doylestown.*



# Collectors of Bucks County

*The Forth in a Series*

by Joanna Pogson

## THESE IN THE ROBINGS OF GLORY. . . .

It is an inviting place — the beamed-ceiling living room of a two-story brick home in Revere, Pa. Especially if you like history.

An authentic drum of the Civil War sits atop a bookcase. Beside the drum, encased in a picture-frame of glass, are the epaulets once worn by Capt. James Brady of the 43rd Pa., 1st Pa. Artillery Reserve.

Over a fireplace — whose fire warms "Harris," a German Shepherd that thinks he's "people" — hangs an 1863 muzzle-loading Remington in spit-polish condition — used in sharpshooting skirmishes.

Leaning against the wall in a nearby corner stands a pair of crutches used by John P. Silberzahn of the 27th Pa. Volunteers — and great-grandfather of the man who now displays them. His name? Walter J. Taylor. His interest? History — most especially the Civil War. His hobby? Collecting relics of same.

"I've always been interested in history. I think everybody is to some extent," he reveals thoughtfully, his words even-spaced and each receiving equal emphasis.

Motioning toward the crutches, he says, "They belonged to my great-grandfather who was killed at Gettysburg. I wanted to learn more about him and the war as well. I think this was the main reason I started my collection. A man should be deep in thought with his collection for it to be meaningful."

Taylor's memorabilia — thought to be the largest in private hands — include a saddle, trunks, sabres, flags, boots and guns — all belonging at one time or another to a man engaged in battle. Most impressive are the uniforms — more than three hundred — representing both the Union and the Confederacy in the War between the States.

"Many items are rare," says Taylor, with a hint of pride in his voice. "Or even one of a kind. A uniform

is a personal thing. It once belonged to someone. Therefore a story goes along with it. The uniform itself is still alive — even though the man who wore it isn't."

While a fire crackles in the fireplace and the music of Jerome Kern or Victor Herbert fills the room — "Long-hair music makes me think too much. Light music is more to my liking . . .," the fiftyish housepainter talks of his unique collection — and its beginning.

"It goes back to 1940. History itself always interested me. And then the story of my great-grandfather, talked about in the family circle, got me thinking more and more. One day I discovered a Union army kepi (cap) in a Hartsville antique shop. After that I was on my



*The uniform of Confederate Brig. Gen. Walter Husted Stevens, one of Taylor's most prized possessions.*  
Photo by Don Sabath



*Among Taylor's prized relics is this rare print depicting the Battle of Chancellorsville.*

way."

Taylor was indeed on his way; to attics — off-the-beaten-track antique shops — other collectors — families of collectors.

"Many of the things would have been thrown away, can you imagine? The older and more dilapidated the item, the more I like it. At one time I would have these things cleaned. But I stopped doing that. I felt that some of the age of a uniform was taken away — as well as some of the personality of the man who wore it."

How is the age, period and rank of a uniform identified? Buttons are one indication.

"The buttons on a general officer's uniform usually ran in twos or threes," explains Taylor. "A brigadier general's uniform had the buttons in pairs; the buttons on a major general's uniform were in threes. In the early uniforms silver buttons designated an infantry officer. Gold buttons designated the artillery. The buttons prior to 1930 were the coin-type. These of the later period were made of three pieces of metal — the seam, and the top and bottom parts. Most buttons added a decorative note. They never tarnished and some even had the texture of felt."

The stitches of the material, the cut of the uniform and the color are other means of identification. Silver shoulder epaulets designated officers — enlisted men had no such designation.

"Some of these uniforms were so colorful they looked as if they were never made for battle," smiles Taylor. "In

fact officers' uniforms were so pretty they were kept in lockers during the war. They wore fatigue coats instead."

A complete set of Army regulations is also pretty much of a necessity in identifying a uniform, admits Taylor. Uniforms, Taylor believes, have stories to tell.

"And I prize these stories almost as much as I do the uniforms."

If that be so then quite a few stories are represented here. Every available space in Taylor's rustic stone-and-wood interior is taken up by his collection. Military garb crowds the closets; guns and sabres decorate the walls and corners; ornate uniforms hang — empty of human life but not of the memory.

One of the more complete uniforms is that of George Murray, 114th Pa. Volunteer Inf., Collis's Zouaves.

Pvt. Murray, according to his discharge papers, was 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. tall, of light hair and a carpenter by occupation.

In Taylor's possession are the red trousers, navy blue coat with red piping, white spats, red fez and black belt that Murray wore at Chancellorsville — where he was felled by a bullet.

Wounded, Murray is known to have crawled through the Virginia underbrush, bleeding and near death. He was later found and carried to safety by men from his unit. The bullet hole in the navy blue jacket remains to tell the tale . . .

One of Taylor's prized possessions is the uniform that once belonged to Confederate Brig. Gen. Walter Husted

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Stevens. Stevens was a graduate of West Point, but he married a Southern belle, and had spent most of his military career in the South. Hence, his decision seemed pre-ordained when the War between the States broke out. And, as Chief of Engineers for the Army of Southern Virginia, Stevens stood with Lee as the only General Officer at the Appomattox Courthouse surrender in April of '65. Taylor, with a grin, points with his finger to the front of the jacket Stevens wore that day — and the mark left by a moth.

A Confederate butternut jacket in Taylor's collection once belonged to a New York officer, Lieut. Kingsley. Kingsley, from 3rd Veteran Cavalry, was captured and imprisoned in the Confederate prison at Mobile, Ala. After making "arrangements" with one of the confederate guards there, the Lieutenant confiscated the wool and linen "darkie cloth" for use in his escape. But before he had a chance to carry out the escape, the Union troops overran Mobile and freed him.

One of the "human interest" items included in Taylor's collection is a large American flag — heel marks of blood on its front. Reputedly carried into battle by Sgt. Albert Bannen of the 95th Pa. Volunteer Infantry, Goslind's Zouaves, the flag was given to the regiment by Mrs. Goslind, wife of the Commander of the 95th Pa., before they went off to the conflict.

Also in Taylor's collection are Sgt. Bannen's stripes, his kepi and his Bible, which bears the inscription "A. J. Bannen's testament, cut by a ball on the 12th of May 1864" — a heart-rending testament of its own — especially when held in one's own hands.

Another flag in Taylor's possession, and one he holds on speculative basis, is one of the four which ornamented Lincoln's loge in the Ford Theater the night he was assassinated...

It is said that Booth stood behind Lincoln on that fateful Good Friday night, placed a derringer behind the President's head and pulled the trigger. In his escape Booth's stirrup caught in one of the two flags draped over the railing to the front of the loge. This flag is now in Ford's Theater Museum on Washington's Tenth Street. It is Taylor's belief that the second of these two flags is included in his collection.

Voicing a few of his strong feelings about the assassination, Taylor feels that many fabrications are fed to history students.

"Was Booth a madman? Or was the assassination the result of a conspiracy in Washington? I'm not satisfied yet as to the reason. Lincoln's police guard that night was drunk and nowhere to be found at the fateful moment. Immediately after the incident all telegraph wires to and from Washington were dead for 24 hours — ample time for Booth to escape. And in his diary, Booth stated he

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We whirled around. "Just an old hooty owl," Dum whispered. "It doesn't mean a thing."

"Some people think it means bad luck," I whispered back. "Maybe we should take off our left shoes and turn 'em over three times."

The boys laughed uneasily. "Bet you read that in a book somewhere," needled Bob.

"I did not! We had a cook last summer from Baltimore who said she loved the country, but one night in Bucks County was enough. She left the next morning. Claimed she hadn't slept a wink because every time she was about to drop off, an owl hooted at her personally and she had to get out of bed again to turn her left shoe over three times. She was sure she'd picked up her *right* shoe at least once, doubling the bad luck, naturally."

"You ever hear that it did?" asked Dee.

"Well, the very next week she was

run over in Philadelphia by a brewery wagon drawn by six white horses."

"Shut up!" Jim yelled.

"WHOOOOOO?"

"Both of you! But — just in case — maybe we'd better do what that silly cook did."

Everyone was glad to sit down for a minute. My left shoe skittered out of my hand and I had to scramble around on all fours before I found it.

"Aw, quit stalling," said Bob.

I threw a stone at him. He caught it and threw it back, hard. I ducked and the stone hit a lantern. The noise brought all of us to our feet. I ran to set the lantern upright again and was glad to see that it wasn't the one I had brought. Someone else would have to explain the cracked globe.

"Let's get on with it," said Jim. "We'll skip to where it says 'look for a little hollow' — everybody start looking."

We found it by tumbling into it. That was fun and broke the tension.

The hollow was deep in shadows and Jim ordered me to light the lanterns. Then he studied the map some more, and we watched while he paced to the right, then to the left, circled two and a half times and wriggled about lining up the tag-playing moon again.

"This is it!" he yelled suddenly.

"Dum — Dee, you start digging right here. Bob, you try and put some muscle behind your shovel — there. Girls are no good for digging, so you mind the lanterns and don't let 'em get kicked over. Willie, seeing as how you did bring your rabbit gun, you stand on that rise and keep your ears open and your eyes peeled."

The soil was moist in the hollow and the digging was easy. The dirt flew in all directions, and I did my own version of "The Dance of the Fireflies" moving the lanterns.

"W-W-What w-w-was t-t-that?"

"Nothing, you nervous Nellie," said Jim, keeping on with his digging. "That's what Old Bowman would tell

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(continued from page 11)

you if you stood above his grave and asked him what he was doing down there."

"L-L-Listen — s-s-somebody's b-b-bellering at us!"

I started to shake. Kaiser Bill was a bellowing man when drunk. The wind was blowing the bushes into scary shapes and I saw Kaiser Bill behind every one of them. "We'd better get out of here," I said.

Before Jim could call me a so-and-so sissy, a shot rang out. It had been aimed, if at all, above our heads, and we were showered with falling twigs. As we gasped with shock, there was another shot — very close by. Whatever Willie had fired at, it wasn't a rabbit. Rabbits didn't curse in German — but maybe ghosts did! Abandoning the lanterns and shovels, we fled down the hill. Willie led the headlong retreat.

Behind us we could hear strange yells. They sounded as if someone was strangling — or was being strangled.

"B-B-Bob's missing!" I said, sounding like Willie. "W-W-We'll have to go b-b-back."

Very reluctantly, and bunched together for protection, we climbed to the crest again. We found Bob in the hole, where he had fallen face down in our flight. He had a mouthful of the loose soil and a cut over his left eye from hitting the edge of a shovel. The blood was running down his cheek, so I ripped a ruffle off one of my petticoats — girls had to wear at least two even in a heat wave in those days — and bound up his wound, dirt and all.

Up there, we could hear guttural bellowing from whoever — or whatever — was threshing around in the underbrush. We raced down the hill again, dragging Bob with us.

Ah, well, the moon was right, even though we failed — as had all the other diggers — to find the gold buried on Bowman's Hill. The lanterns we left up there burned until empty of oil, giving rise to more stories about the haunts around the pirate's grave.

The consensus of local opinion was that Kaiser Bill had somehow managed to shoot his own rear full of buckshot. "While under the influence," as the Presbyterian minister delicately put it.

Our own were not too comfortable. Most of us had to eat our meals standing up for two days. Only the twins escaped a whaling for being "such fools" — not to mention the crime of losing the shovels and lanterns. Their mother wasn't up to it, being a mere wisp of a woman. But she wouldn't let them go to the Saturday movies for the next four weeks, which was worse punishment, by far.

Bucks County historians dismiss the tales of buried treasure on Bowman's Hill as folklore nonsense. They say it is all a case of mistaken identity and that the hill was named for early settler John — or maybe Thomas — Bowman, a respectable husbandman.

But who with an ounce of longing for adventure in his heart would exchange a derring-do pirate for an honest farmer?



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## BOOKS IN REVIEW

**THE AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTORIAL ATLAS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY** McGraw-Hill, 424 pages, \$16.50.

Without maps the study of history would be impossible. As a matter of fact, the lack of maps, or at least the lack of accurate maps, has frequently determined the course of history.

The American Revolution succeeded not only because the men in our army were fighting for their own interests, but also because King George's administration was 3,000 miles away. It took eight weeks to receive orders, reports, and supplies. Although England's reliance upon sea power was probably due to a psychological conditioning that had been set in motion by her victory over the Spanish armada, she was also conditioned against effective land warfare in the American colonies by her lack of adequate information.

An order restricting troops from traveling more than forty miles from the coast gave the American guerrillas a strategic advantage, even though England held all of the cities. There was, of course, no "front." There were only "campaigns." One was a lulu!

In 1777 Burgoyne came down from Canada with orders to join Howe in New York. Burgoyne never made it. He could have used help from Howe, but Howe was sent by sea to Philadelphia. Lord George Germain, running the war from England, told Howe to take Philadelphia and return to New

York, on the assumption that the round trip could be accomplished in a few days. Howe, a sealord, took his men on a forty-six day sail around Cape Charles to Elkton, Maryland and marched fifty miles to Philadelphia. He could have saved five weeks by going sixty miles across Jersey. He wintered in Philadelphia, was replaced by Clinton, who, abandoning Philadelphia, took the men back to New York in twelve days. Howe's error, [or Germain's or Burgoyne's] caused Burgoyne's defeat, the loss of Philadelphia, and set the stage for further losses.

The book, which describes events such as these, is beautifully executed and covers the entire history of the United States, including our beginnings in space exploration. Every word in the title is significant. It is indeed a pictorial atlas of history; many of the maps are really pictures and their purpose is to make history vivid. Especially noteworthy in this regard is the portfolio of pictorial maps which delineates the battles of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. They are like dioramas of the events and are done in considerable detail, occupying double page spreads. We did feel that the treatment of the Asiatic-Pacific portions of World War II were inadequate. We also wondered why a beautiful portfolio of our national parks had to be included in this particular book. But the story of the public domains ought to be somewhere and it is done excellently in this lovely volume. The book must be a basic essential part of any library of America.



### Why Old Anything?

**AN AGE OF BARNs** by Eric Sloane. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 105 pp. \$12.50.

When Eric Sloane began the research for this book, some of the libraries he visited, *incognito*, suggested that some books by Eric Sloane might have the information in which he was interested. The compliment was not only deserved flatly; it points up the fact that not all history has been written. This is true of much of the history of architecture and construction. At least until this book was published, it was true of the knowledge not only of the construction but also the purposes of barns.

It is part of the author's thesis that American barns were built for quite different purposes from those in Europe. Certainly the methods as well as the basic designs of American barns would lend support to this idea.

But the main purpose of the book is not historical. The author contends "The education of sight — the art of vision — is not being given proper attention today." Quoting John Piper in **Buildings and Prospects**, he says, "The appreciation of pleasing decay is an important one, because it is so neglected. It is always worthwhile looking at a building twice before pulling it down. A building in a state of pleasing decay should be

looked at three times... to be sure, first, that it has no virtues in itself that will be sadly missed; second, that it will not be missed as an enrichment of its present surroundings; third, that it might not form a useful point of focus, whether by agreement or by way of contrast, in future surroundings." Eric Sloane continues, "These words are esthetically, morally, historically, and architecturally sound; but to any modern American builder, they are hogwash. For modern values are not based on esthetics, morals, history, or even architecture; rather they are based on profit to be made in a given length of time."

Perhaps Mr. Sloane is a bit harsh on modern builders and developers. Perhaps, even, he may tend to assume that the builders of

(continued on page 22)

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## Rambling with RUSS

by

A. Russell Thomas

### BUCKS BRIEFS 40 YEARS BACK

(January, 1926)

"IF THAT IS your idea of celebrating Christmas, you had better think again." So spoke President Judge William C. Ryan, as he sentenced a Hatboro widower with five children to pay a fine of \$200 and serve three months in the Bucks County Prison. The defendant had pleaded guilty to drunken driving and Trooper Felix R. Gowan (later the chief of police of Doylestown) testified that the accused was "so drunk that I had to assist him from his car which was partly filled with moonshine, wine and empty bottles."

THE UNION HORSE Company of Doylestown observed its 90th birthday at the Pipersville Inn and reelected Thomas Ross as president; H. B. Rosenberger and Arthur M. Eastburn, vice presidents; Frank Heaton, secretary; and Amos Bennet, treasurer. New members initiated were James B. Fretz, Fred Dieterich and Walter Reiff.

MATRIMONY: The year 1926 produced 684 couples for marriage licenses in Bucks County. (For the year 1966, close to 3,000 licenses were issued.)

SPECIALS: Clymer's Department Store in Doylestown, "The John Wanamaker of Bucks County," advertised 1200 yards of unbleached muslin for a New Year's week sale, at 11 cents a yard or 10 cents by the piece, and Wisconsin peas at 11 cents a can.

AMERICAN LEGION: The January meeting of the Doylestown Post of the American Legion elected Walter Trainor as commander; John Atkinson and Bill Fryling,

vice commanders; Andrew Schott, adjutant; Walter Haney, finance officer; W. Carlile Hobensack, historian; the Rev. Charles F. Freeman, chaplain.

**PUNISHMENT:** A Doylestown Township poultry farmer was arrested by Doylestown Health Officer A. R. Atkinson on a charge of "selling milk to John Mitchell, proprietor of the Court Inn, Doylestown, without a permit from the Doylestown Board of Health." Justice of the Peace Irvin M. James fined the accused offender \$5 and costs amounting to \$9.00.

**CHEAP GOING:** Several Doylestown American Legion veterans signed up for the 1928 Legion convention in Paris for \$300 for 28 days including all expenses with \$42.50 left over for "incidentals."

**AN ADVERTISEMENT:** W. H. Watson (Doylestown auto dealer) advertised as follows: WHIPPET REDUCED, 4-wheel brakes; touring, \$625; roadster, \$695; coach, 2-door, \$625; sedan, 4-door, \$725.

**BUILDING AND LOAN:** George H. Miller presided at the annual meeting of the Doylestown Building & Loan Association when the 21st stock series was offered for sale. The assets that year (1926) were listed as \$1,075,161.80 and the total receipts of the association reached \$464,857.59. THIS YEAR, 1966, the annual report, according to Miss Marie Welsh, executive spokesman for the Doylestown Federal Savings and Loan Association, shows total assets of \$18,500,000. The receipts of the association for the year 1966 amount to approximately \$10,500,000 and the subscribers, including Christmas Club members, number approximately 7,000 individuals.

**BASKETBALL:** January 7, 40 years ago, Doylestown High's basketball team, coached by Bill Wolfe, defeated Hatboro High, 44 to 12 on the Armory court in Doylestown before a record crowd. The Doylestown team included Hennessy, Richar, and Slaughter, forwards; Waddington, center; Carter and Hoffman, guards; Beans, forward; Pearce, center. HATBORO HIGH played Bassett and Ainsworth, forwards; Jamison, center; Slack, Morris and Carver, guards. Referee was Ashton.

**THE BENCH:** The 42nd annual meeting of the Bucks County Bar Association was held at the Manufacturers Club in Philadelphia with 31 lawyers present. A resolution was passed suggesting that the State Legislature pass a bill authorizing the increase in salaries of the judges of the state. Hon. Harman Yerkes was elected president of the Association.

**DOYLESTOWN KIWANIS:** The Kiwanis Club of Doylestown, meeting at Brunner's Cafe, was informed that the club had placed SIXTH in the state of Pennsylvania

(continued on page 16)



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(continued from page 15)

among 106 Kiwanis Clubs, in an attendance contest. The program was in charge of Fred Clymer, George Leatator, Matty Cogan, Jenks Watson and Ed Steely.

**HOUSEKEEPING COSTS:** Bucks County's housekeeping expenses in 1926 amounted to \$538,685.01 and the balance on hand at the end of the year was \$137,236.38. (This year 1967, according to County Controller Frank Purcell, the treasurer will have approximately \$537,000 to start off the year, with a 1967 budget estimated at \$9,400,000.00!

**POPULATION:** In 1926 the population of Bucks County was approximately 85,000. The Bucks County Planning Board's very efficient population clerk informs me that the population of the county as of TODAY is 358,000.

**FIRE:** "The Hedges," home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Harley, Windy Bush Road, three miles from New Hope, was destroyed by a \$25,000 fire on the night of January 14, 1926. Harley was a nationally known painter and illustrator.

**HOW ABOUT THIS?** Max Pearlman, Doylestown custom tailor, advertised a special New Year's week offer: "Custom tailored suits for \$35.00 and \$28.50... and suits hand-pressed for 50 cents.

**SNOW DRIFTS:** Bucks County highways were blocked by snow-drifts January 16 and 17.

**DOYLESTOWN BORO COUNCIL:** Doylestown police reported ONE arrest for the month and ONE arc light out for two nights. Attention was called to the poor condition of certain sidewalks and the failure of police to enforce the snow-shoveling ordinance against certain property owners.

**MEMORIAL:** An addition to the Doylestown Emergency Hospital was turned over to the Village Improvement Association on January 19, 1927, as a memorial for the late Drs. Joseph R. and Frank B. Swartzlander. The memorial was sponsored by the Doylestown Rotary Club with the late J. Carroll Molloy as president.

**COUNTRY CLUB:** Doylestown Country Club reelected Charles C. McKinstry as president. The club reported 101 family memberships out of a total of 199 memberships. The club treasury was \$3,500 better off than at the end of the previous year.

**HOW ABOUT THIS?** Mrs. Ella Boole, speaking before the National convention of the WCTU in Washington,

(continued on page 22)

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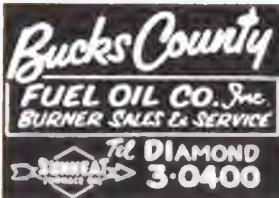
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*Notes by the Publisher\**

**ALMANACKS AND ASTROLOGY**

One of our favorite banks gave away free calendars this year in the form of an almanac. It contained the usual calendar; telephone area codes; some information about eclipses (with central standard time as the base), an elaborate listing of ecclesiastical holy days; the birthdays of various notables like Mendelssohn and Adlai Stevenson; little-known and less needed historical dates such as the fact that the Charleston museum was founded on January 12, 1733, with Oglethorpe reaching there the next day; after which it proffered the information that on the following day, January 14, Jeannette MacDonald died, albeit in 1965. The weather forecast for January probably is only of half-interest to our readers, since the magazine won't reach them until mid-month. But here's half of the forecast, with the comments pertaining to our area: "12th to 15th — light snow; 16th to 19th — squalls to Atlantic Coast; 20th to 23rd — stormy at first, clearing, colder; 24th to 27th — some snow; 28th to 31st — pleasant in east."

We checked our favorite almanac — not supplied by our favorite bank but thoughtfully supplied to us by our favorite *Old Farmer's Almanac(k)* publisher, Robb Sagendorph. It is available at Kenny's, our favorite newsstand, or elsewhere, for fifty cents. We get our copy free, with a long list of "notes to reviewers," and sundry warnings about how far we can go in quoting from it without violating copyright. Officially ascribed to its founder, Robert B. Thomas, it really is the product of a twentieth-century editor who likes to keep alive its 175-year tradition. Here's what he says about the same period of time. We have followed the instructions and adjusted the Boston forecasts as they should affect dear old Bucks County: 10-13, clear; 14-16, snow 5"; 17-21, real cold; 22-23, snow 6"; 24-25, clear; 26-28, snow 8"; 29-31, clear. Actually the nearest we could come was the forecast for Pittsburgh, but if you don't get the weather indicated, wait awhile; something is

*(continued on page 18)*

\*Pied — Jumbled type. The mention of business firms, persons, products, and services in these columns is entirely gratuitous by the publisher, who has not been paid for them as advertisements.

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(continued from page 17)

bound to turn up. And if you like to read forecasts, choose your own favorite almanac; these two are almost the reverse of each other for most days!

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### THE LOVELY SHEEPSHED

After reading Eric Sloane's *An Age of Barns*, (reviewed elsewhere in this issue — if the editor doesn't cut that or this — we now have some more rounds of ammunition (perhaps quivers for our bow would be more apt?) in our verbal battle against tearing down the sheepshed. When we bought our second Plumstead home we magnanimously told the sellers (and subsequently good neighbors) that they could have the sheep. We were left with the sheep run and the sheepshed, along with other relics. A huge barn, twice destroyed by fire, had been attractively converted into a garage, using the old walls, but with much less pretension. A lovely privy, now waterproofed top and bottom, hides the pool vacuum and chemicals. But the sheepshed — ah, there's no conversion of that yet! It was — and is — a storehouse for delightful junk. The low stone walls support a ghastly structure of wood, chickenwire, and tarpaper. It reminds us a bit of the barracks at Camp Barclay in Texas during WW II. So, we have suggested — gently, mind you — to our chief gardener that all her flora and fauna were to no avail as long as that eyesore graced the property. She finally agreed — down it must come.

My next step — alas, how often do we realize that that next step should have come sooner — my next step

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(continued from page 18)

was to count the cost. A few delicate inquiries yielded the data necessary for a projection. If, I reasoned, I could determine the cost of just cleaning out the interior mess, I could figure two or three times that amount would tear down the roof, with a safety factor of some return from the excess firewood, followed by a similar process for projecting the cost of tearing down the walls.

Then came the disillusionment. The price — just for cleaning out the trash — was astronomical. I rapidly abandoned the whole idea. But then, having sold my beloved on the idea of the sheepshed eradication, how could I unsell her? So far the best arguments I could think up were the old ones she had once enunciated and which I had completely demolished. Would that the sheepshed had been devastated so easily.

Now, along comes Eric Sloane with a panegyric on barns. I think I'll give her the book and crease it so that it falls open to his sketches of little barns. They look a bit like sheepsheds and he pictures them in terms of such artistic as well as verbal endearment, that I just might get off the hook.

(continued from page 10)

could clear his name and turn states' evidence. But surrounded by the cavalry in a barn at Port Royal, he was shot down — even after he was known to have thrown down his gun . . .

Taylor, whose collection runs through the American Revolution to 1900, has recently acquired a dress coat with gold buttons and a sword belt that belonged to Lieut. Jacob Blake, U. S. Topographical Engineers, who died at Palo Alto, California, during the Mexican War — by the accidental discharge of his own pistol.

"The only other like this is at West Point," believes Taylor.

Taylor's interest in history is shared by his wife and family of six — three of whom are at home.

"History is real to them now," says Taylor's wife Milly, who dotes on her own collection of blue and white colonial chinaware.

"Bret, the youngest at eleven, is studying the War of 1812 and other wars," says his mother. "And he realizes that not many others can take uniforms or accessories in to school as he can."

Her husband's avid interest in his hobby has, surprisingly, made family ties closer.

Sitting in her flagstone-floored kitchen, Mrs. Taylor admits that the collection has sparked interest in other things.

"It gives a trip we might go on added interest. We're always looking for something to add to the collection.

"I've been asked how I can stand all these ghosts

(continued on page 21)

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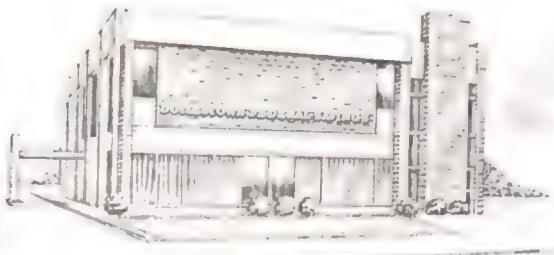


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## CALENDAR of EVENTS

### January 1967

1-31 **Washington Crossing** — Narration and Famous Paintings, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Daily 9 to 5; Sunday and Holidays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at 1/2 hour intervals, Memorial Building.  
**Washington Crossing** — Thompson-Neely House, Furnished with Pre-Revolutionary pieces, Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 1 to 5 p.m. Free  
**Morrisville** — Pennsbury Manor — William Penn's County Home, built 1683, Daily 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Sunday Noon to 4:30 p.m. Admission \$3.00; under 12 free  
**New Hope** — New Hope and Ivyland Railroad, scenic trips through historic Bucks County, leaves New Hope Station at 12:00 Noon, 2:00, 4:00 and 6:00. Round Trip Fare — Adults \$1.75, child under 12, \$.75. under 5 Free  
**Washington Crossing** — Bird Banding Station, Talks, illustrated with live birds, Saturday and Sunday, 3:00 p.m. Free.  
**Fairless Hills** — Upper Southeastern District Chorus Festival, Pennsbury High School, Hood Blvd. and Newportville Road, 8:00 p.m. Open to Public, no admission.  
**Yardley** — 15th Annual "Antique Show," Yardley Community Center, 64 S. Main Street, 11:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m., Admission \$.75.  
**Washington Crossing** — Nature Hike, Preserve Headquarters Building, Bowman's Hill, 2:00 p.m.  
**Southampton** — Regular Concert, Warminster Symphony Society, Eugene Klinger Jr. High School, Second Street Pike, Friday 8:30 p.m. Admission Free  
**Washington Crossing** — Wild Flower Propagation Class, Preserve Headquarters Building, Bowman's Hill, 10:00 to 12:00 a.m.  
**Mechanicsville** — English-Western Horse Show, Bucksole Farm, Mechanicsville Road, 9:00 a.m. Indoor Arena  
**Doylestown** — Application for 1967 Horseback Riding permits for Churchville Park. Available now from Bucks County Parkboard. **Good All Year.** \$3.00 individual, \$5.00 family permit.



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(continued from page 19)

around," she smiles. "But I don't look at it that way. And through Walter's collection we have met interesting people we might not have met otherwise."

Asked if her husband's hobby is not an expensive one, Mrs. Taylor smiles tolerantly.

"It is, I guess. But we justify purchases and gifts around here. He's so far ahead on his Christmases and birthdays he'll never catch up. But as a family we have something to talk about and share with one another."

Taylor not only collects uniforms and military gear — he wears and uses them too — in sharpshooting and rifle competition meets. He has reorganized the 72nd Pa. Volunteer Infantry which meets monthly at his 36-acre home and, as Commander of the 20-man unit, drills and fires rifles and muskets of the Civil War period with his men. The club members wear authentically reproduced uniforms of the times. At intervals they attend competition meets in various states as part of the North-South Skirmish Association. In September of 1966, Taylor's group sponsored a rifle meet held in Upper Bucks where, according to the *Upper Bucks Weekly Reporter*, some 200 "Civil War soldiers" representing eight Middle Atlantic states, "invaded the area" and entered into rifle competition.

Another of their meets, a national shoot, was held in October of 1966 at Winchester, Va. One hundred fifty teams participated.

"Safety precautions are extensive," Taylor says. "Safety is foremost in our minds during these meets. The object of the meet is to complete the marksmanship tasks in as little time as possible."

In competition Taylor uses his 1863 Remington rifle. The Remington is superior to the Springfield musket because of its steel barrel.

"But the Springfield is a favorite of mine," he says.

Although Taylor would like to place his collection in a museum, collecting, for him, will doubtless continue.

"When people retire they can die mentally if they let themselves. Having a real interest in something keeps them alive and occupied," he feels and sums up what might be the dictum of the man who "collects" . . .

The fires of the infamous and, some feel, unjust Civil War have long since been extinguished. That struggle burns only in our history books today — from Sumter . . . to . . . Appomattox. But perhaps without histories of wars we would have fewer legacies of courage. Like other military conflicts, before and after, the Civil War left men with scars to carry the rest of their lives. It separated families. It spread havoc and confusion. It laid waste land and encouraged famine. It turned brother against brother — state against state. It sank ships and ripped up railroads. It destroyed industry and commerce. But it left a Union in the balance.

*Author's Note:* Title taken from contents of *The Blue and the Gray*, stanza 2, by Francis Miles Finch.

**BUILD A BASIC WARDROBE**  
Winter is usually the height of the social season and black tie is frequently de rigueur. Any man who "gets around" will find the dinner jacket essential to his wardrobe. Incidentally, most men look their best in dinner clothes, and, knowing this, they also feel their best.



As a basic, the classic shawl collar is right. The style should be conservative and the color black which is correct for any season. The trousers, made of the same fabric as the jacket, feature a braid stripe down the outer leg.

With this you should wear a soft, white, pleated-front dinner shirt with French cuffs. Your studs and cuff links should not be too large, but of the finest quality that you can afford. The black tie, preferably not a ready-made one, should be of a shape to compliment your face and taste. A cummerbund, vest, or cummer-vest will be helpful in keeping your shirt in place as well as giving you a well-turned-out look.

Never wear business shoes with your dinner clothes. Try patent leather shoes, laced, plain-toe oxfords, or opera pumps. Wear black, lightweight, ribbed hose in above-the-calf length.

The weather will suggest a black topcoat or a classic black raincoat. Acceptable hats include the black snap-brim or an off-the-face style, but the bowler is losing popularity, and a derby is never correct.

Acceptable variations of the classic style allow conservative expressions of individuality. For example, variations of the peaked lapel and the notched collar are good fashion these days. The cut of the trousers will reflect your own good taste [and perhaps your age] for there are many silhouettes currently in style.

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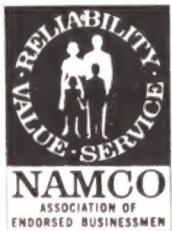
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(continued from page 16)

declared: "Society drinking, hip flasks, motion pictures, and current novels are the contributing reasons for the disrespect for prohibition."

MOONSHINE: I well remember covering a raid in Bristol Township, January 26, 1927, where an elaborate but poisonous alcoholic redistillation plant was seized together with eight operators. The plant turned out 500 gallons every eight hours during the seven days it was in operation. The main still was so large the police could not get it out of the barn on Gallagher Farm, Emilie Road. State Trooper John Bucci, of the Doylestown sub-station took part in the raid together with Cpl. William Burgoon.

RADIOS: Forty years ago Bucks County had 1381 home radios.

MISCELLANEOUS: State Senator Clarence J. Buckman (R., Bucks) was issued automobile license "No. 23" for the sixth consecutive year . . .

TAXES: The County Tax rate in Bucks County 40 years ago was SIX mills. In 1966 the tax rate was 13.9 mills.

HAPPY NEW YEAR! HAPPY NEW YEAR! HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(continued from page 13)

beautiful barns were not as profit-motivated as may indeed have been the case. But his conclusions are certainly valid: "America has no noble ruins, for the old houses are torn down to make way for the new. But, fortunately, some of the old barns still remain — the only structures that are allowed the dignity of pleasing decay."

The book itself would have to be very special to justify the high price. This it does easily. For it not only contains a description with ample illustration of the various types of barns of early America, it tells of their several purposes, of the methods and tools of the builders, it tells how to raise a barn, and, for very good measure, it includes ten full-color plates of superlative paintings by the author. We particularly liked the article on ways to help establish the dates of barn construction.

But, well worth the price of admission is the author's essay on "Why Old Anything?" At the outset, he concedes that "many old

things are obsolete — even bad — and consequently, of no value whatsoever. As a matter of fact, age itself has no value; its only worth is that it provides the time for possible improvement. Age withers, cripples, and finally kills all living things." But, says Mr. Sloane, this is no excuse for indiscriminating elimination of all of our past. "Certainly the good things of the past should be sorted out from the bad and rescued from those attic-cleaners who believe only in the new. It is constantly drummed into us by radio and television that anything new is what we should want. As a result, many of us carelessly throw away treasures, both real and spiritual, that took centuries for mankind to acquire." We may not feel that an old barn in the state of near-collapse should be compared with the fragmented columns of Greece and Rome. But, after reading the book, we are ready to concede to the barns a special dignity and respect, "as symbols of the way a people once lived and thought."

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Also: Sutherland, Donald, "Gertrude Stein: A Biography of Her Work." Any works by Gertrude Stein or Leo Stein [including journals and letters]. State price. Write Box "L," c/o Panorama, Doylestown, Pa.

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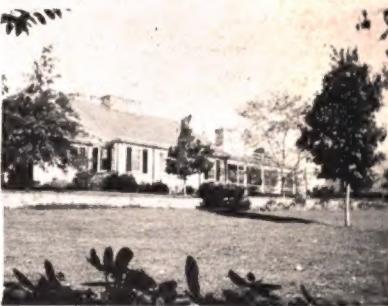
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